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MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN HONOR OF

ANDREW CARNEGIE

ON HIS BIRTHDAY

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25

1919

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CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

MEMORIAL SERVICE
IN HONOR OF
ANDREW CARNEGIE
ON HIS BIRTHDAY
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25
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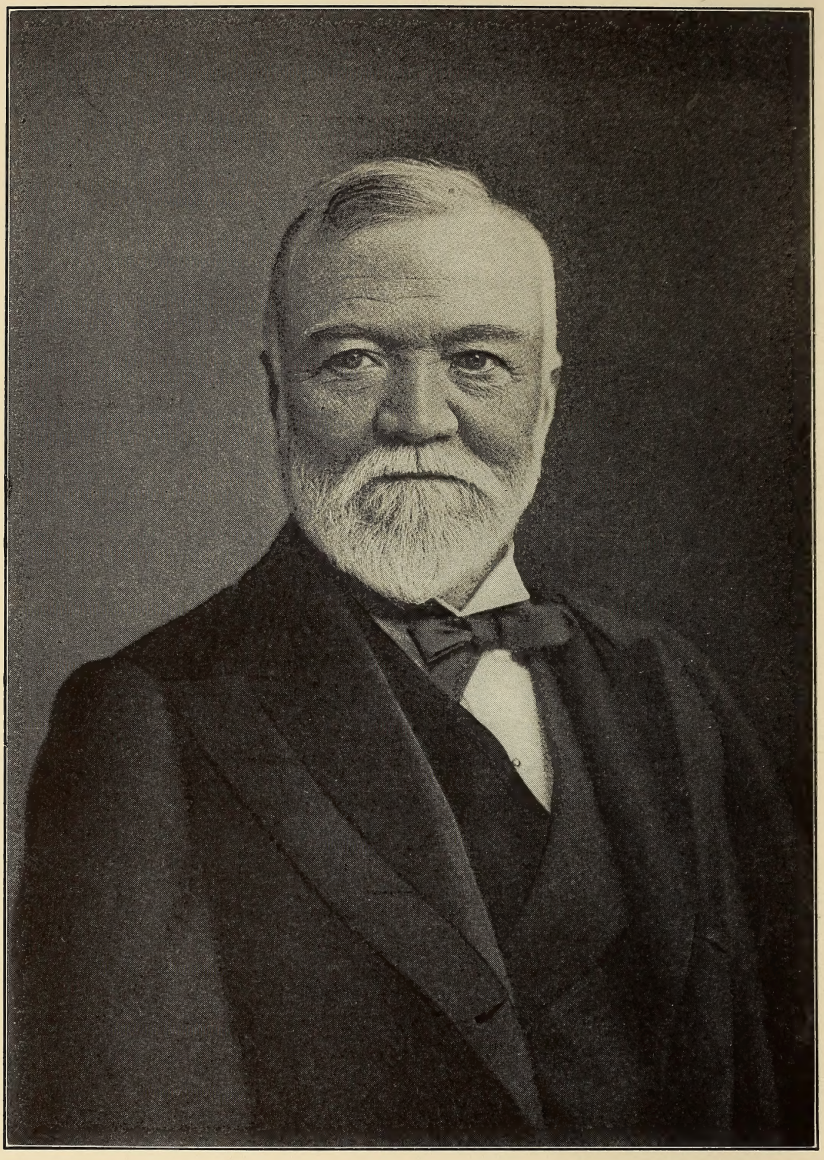

Andrew Carnegie

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CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

"PITTSBURGH entered the core of my heart when I was a boy and cannot be torn out. I can never be one hair's breadth less loyal to her, or less anxious to help her in any way, than I have been since I could help anything. My treasure is still with you, my heart is still with you, and how best to serve Pittsburgh is the question which recurs to me almost every day of my life."

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

—From a letter, establishing a pension fund for workmen of the Carnegie Steel Company, March 12, 1901.

The Carnegie Institute

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PROGRAM

—

I. ORGAN, "Largo" . . . . . *Handel*
MR. CHARLES HEINROTH

II. INVOCATION
REV. ROBERT MACGOWAN, D.D.,
Pastor Bellefield Presbyterian Church

III. "RECESSIONAL" Rudyard Kipling . . . *DeKoven*
THE PITTSBURGH MALE CHORUS

IV. ADDRESS, "Andrew Carnegie"
MR. CHARLES M. SCHWAB

V. "O REST IN THE LORD," from "Elijah" . *Mendelssohn*
MRS. CHRISTINE MILLER CLEMSON

VI. ADDRESS, "A Tribute from the City"
HONORABLE EDWARD VOSE BABCOCK,
Mayor of Pittsburgh

VII. "BUT THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN," from "St. Paul"
—Mendelssohn
MRS. CLEMSON

VIII. (*a*) "Ashes of Roses" . . . . . *Robinson*
(*b*) "When the Roses Bloom" . . . . *Reichard*
THE PITTSBURGH MALE CHORUS

IX. ORGAN, "Andante from Fifth Symphony" . *Beethoven*
MR. HEINROTH

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Platform Group at Memorial Celebration, November 25, 1919

IN MEMORIAM

PRESIDENT CHURCH: Ladies and Gentlemen, I think it proper to say at the commencement of these exercises that when the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute met in solemn session to take appropriate action upon the death of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, they felt that there was something more than the verbal expression which they could make to the public and to Mr. Carnegie's family, and so they decided to have the exercises take place this afternoon, and invite all the world to take part; but they wish me to say that they are celebrating Mr. Carnegie's birthday. He has lived a great life, and those who have been associated with him in the work at Pittsburgh, instead of emphasizing the solemn and sorrowful note which lies of course at the bottom of our hearts, think it better that we should emphasize the triumphant note of a great and successful career; and so that ought to be the spirit of the occasion this afternoon. We are not attending a funeral service: we are attending the birthday celebration of a man whom we love and whose spirit and great work for humanity can never pass away.

Mrs. Carnegie has been very much interested in what is going to take place here this afternoon, and

I am going to take the liberty and the privilege of familiar acquaintance to read to you an extract from a note which she has just written:

"I know what a beautiful tribute to my husband the meeting will be, for you have spared no pains to make it a tribute from the heart, while at the same time giving it a wide-spread civic character. All this stirs me deeply, and my thoughts will be with the meeting all the time it is in progress, but at such a time I cannot yet leave the shelter of my own home. While I am uplifted that this richly deserved tribute is being paid him, 'the holiest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves in silence and apart.' I have telegraphed you how fine I think the program is—it is perfect, and the 'Recessional' a great addition."

The program has been prepared after conference with Mrs. Carnegie in regard to all of its numbers. The first and last organ numbers have been chosen because they were Mr. Carnegie's special favorites. They were played nearly every day on the great organ at Skibo Castle when he was there, and on the organ in his home in New York when he was there. The "Recessional" was suggested by Mr. Robert Garland, a member of the Committee on Arrangements. The two songs, the words of which appear on the third page of the program, while not familiar to Mrs. Carnegie, greatly pleased her by their sentiments. So we are all here with this understanding of the occasion, and are now prepared to enter upon it in that spirit.

I ought to say, before we begin with the first num-

ber, "Largo," which will be played on the organ by Mr. Charles Heinroth, that Dr. John A. Brashear, who was seventy-nine years of age yesterday, is confined to his room by what we hope is only a temporary illness, and hence cannot be present with us, as he otherwise would; but with the compliments and through the kindness of the telephone corporation a wire has been strung from this platform, on which there is a dictaphone, into Dr. Brashear's room in his residence on the North Side, so that he will be able to hear everything that is said, and the music; and I want to ask you, as he is hearing what I am saying now, if you will not give him a good greeting with a burst of applause?

A most enthusiastic and cordial greeting of applause responded to this suggestion of President Church in honor of Dr. Brashear.

Mr. Heinroth then played Handel's "Largo" on the organ.

The Rev. Robert MacGowan, D.D., Pastor of the Bellefield Presbyterian Church, then delivered the invocation:

INVOCATION

THE REV. ROBERT MACGOWAN, D.D.

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thou art the light that shineth into the perfect day, and in Thee is no darkness at all. Thou hast revealed Thyself in every generation by the

prophets and the patriarchs, and we thank Thee for all great leaders of men in statesmanship, in religion, in art and in industry, alike. Especially do we thank Thee this day for him whom we are remembering now. Out of the ranks of the common people he came to be one of the leaders of them that toil. In the days of his early struggle he learned the discipline that made him able to endure when the mightier responsibilities came. He was faithful in the little things, and God made him great in the mighty things. We thank Thee for the contribution that he made to this country of his adoption. Out of that little land far across the seas he came, friendless and unknown, but in his soul a pearl of great price. It is not only, O God, that he established great industries wherein men could earn their daily bread; nor is it that he raised the standard of labor for skilled men; nor is it that man received dominion over the works of nature in his time more than ever before, but above all, O God our Father, that he used his gifts to the benefit of mankind and for the enrichment of the human race. We thank Thee for those great gifts, the brain to organize, the heart to choose the right men to be his laborers with him in his work, and the great personality to command the affection of others; but especially we thank Thee for his industry that taught him to give himself to hard labor and to consecrate his youth to worthy tasks, for his rugged honesty, for his sterling simplicity, for his humanness, and for his love of man. We do thank Thee to-day that by his example we have learned how

the gains of industry may be turned to the glory of God and the good of man. The treasure houses of romance and learning have opened their doors for mankind, and the great schools and universities have received the men and women who are the humble children of others who had not the opportunity to go there. And from these places have gone servants into the higher fields of service, to do the world good; and in that little land far across the seas, while men teach and students learn, his name will be remembered, and a thousand voices thank God to-day for the man who saw the vision of opportunity for all alike.

And we thank Thee, too, for every endeavor that he made, and we remember it specially to-day, on behalf of International Brotherhood. He was one of the figures to join the world into one. May we take his vision to-day and carry it to perfection, if it please Thee, that we may hand it on, enriched and enhanced, to the generations that are yet unborn. Oh, how can we number ever the multitudes of innumerable deeds of charity which he did! We think of them before Thee, the God who gave him life, this day! These are hidden from the light of the world and from the eyes of men, but we remember Jesus' words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me." And while we are gathered here, we remember those who are mourning whilst we are happy in his memory,—we remember his widow and his daughter; we beseech Thee that Thy Holy Spirit may go into the secret places of their con-

sciences to speak words that human lips can never utter, and may they remember that better country where our dear ones go to when the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

In these days of unrest, O God, may his stability be our strength; may wisdom like his be our wisdom; and help us, O Lord, that no selfish passion may hinder us from knowing Thy will and no weakness from doing it, but in Thy light may we see light clearly, and in Thy service find our perfect freedom. For Thy name's sake, Amen.

THE PRESIDENT: We will now have the "Recessional" by the Pittsburgh Male Chorus, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Heinroth.

The Pittsburgh Male Chorus then sang with splendid effect Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional," Mr. Charles Heinroth directing and Mr. Edward C. Harris at the organ.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

IN MEMORIAM

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE PRESIDENT: There were two epochs in Mr. Carnegie's life. The first was acquisition, and the second was distribution, and he went forward in each one of those pathways with equal success. I remember very well one day when he said to me—and these things are justified, I think, by the familiar nature of our afternoon—that at the moment when he had agreed to give up his business and his business career by the

contract which he signed in New York, it suddenly came upon his mind, like a flash, that the world had departed from under his feet. He said, "They used to telegraph to me, and telephone to me, and write to me, and cable to me for instructions, and inquire, 'Shall we buy?' and 'Shall we sell?'; and suddenly all that world of business vanished from my life, and I thought I had made a tragic mistake." And then he said that the resolution came into his heart to give away the wealth which he had accumulated as the reward of his toil and his genius, and he was happier in giving it away than he had ever been in acquiring it. At the same time, he said that in the first part of his business life he had met many men who were always eager for the fray, men who challenged him to conflict, men who would take advantage of a fair occasion, as he himself would do; but when, in this new career, he assembled men around him and begged them to help him in doing his work for the uplift of mankind, he found there was a new race of human beings, that they were all moved by a deep love of humanity and by a desire to live a life of service.

There is no man in this world who could speak with more intimate affection and a better acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie than the distinguished son of Pittsburgh who is now going to address you. I know that Mr. Carnegie loved Mr. Schwab as he probably loved no other man in this world; certainly he loved no man in this world better than he loved Mr. Schwab, and I am quite sure that there is no man in this world who

loved Mr. Carnegie better than Mr. Schwab loved him. And so it was a great joy to all the members of the Board of Trustees when they were informed that Mr. Schwab was coming here to deliver this address, and I take very great pleasure and feel it a very great honor to present to you a man who does not need any introduction—Mr. Charles M. Schwab. [*Enthusiastic applause.*]

Mr. Schwab was given a most cordial greeting when he came forward, and after bowing his thanks, spoke as follows:

ADDRESS

BY

MR. CHARLES M. SCHWAB

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am sure there are many men better qualified to speak eloquently upon this subject this afternoon, but if love, long association and appreciation of a man qualify one for this privilege, then I will take second place to no man. Mr. Church asked me if I would send him the manuscript of what I intended to say. I sat down several times, and, as I thought, in the proper mood to dictate something that he might use in his records, but it was always a failure. The heart could not find expression in any words that I could dictate or write. I felt that I was coming here to Pittsburgh this afternoon to be associated with people who were Mr. Carnegie's friends and admirers, as I have always been, and that I would speak upon this occasion as among friends speaking of our dearest friend now departed; I would use no formal language, but just the expression of appreciation that might come from the heart of a man who truly loved and appreciated the subject of his address. And so, my friends, in speaking to you, will you please bear in mind that that is my mental attitude? It seems to me that any-

thing formal on this occasion would lose the very soul and spirit for which we are here assembled.

It is nearly forty years since I first knew Mr. Carnegie. As a boy I met him when he sojourned on the Alleghany Mountains for his summer outings, and I little thought at that time, when I held his horse and did trivial services for him, that fate in later years of life would so intimately throw our lives together, and that I would become the friend and associate of such a great man. As I reflect on those early days, a thought occurs to me that I heard expressed by an eminent gentleman who came here this morning and who is past seventy years of age; he said to me, "No man has had a greater influence upon my life than Mr. Carnegie." Even in those early days, when I was a boy, his personality was such as to inspire one, whatever his station in life, to better efforts and to an appreciation of the finer things in life, not by what he may have said to you, not by what he may have written or spoken, but just by the tender attitude of a strong personality that existed and lived with him through his whole life. So as I look back upon those days of boyhood, when I knew Mr. Carnegie only by my service to him, I feel now the strength of that personality and the influence it had upon me in after life.

Now, the world knows—and it is useless for me to speak of them on this occasion—of the great events in Mr. Carnegie's life—the building up of his great business, his philanthropies, and the many interesting

things that the world at large is thoroughly familiar with. Those are a part of history and are within the knowledge of everybody, and it seems to me out of place to speak of them to-day; so I will speak only of that inward personality and soul of the man upon which those great commercial enterprises and those great philanthropic acts have been based and which could never have been accomplished without such a soul.

Mr. Carnegie was an illuminating example of what strong personality will do in the world—of what loving personality, interesting personality, will do. Never before, perhaps, in the history of industry have you known a man who, not himself understanding the business in its working details, making no pretense of being a technical steel manufacturer or a special engineer, was yet able to build up such a great and wonderfully successful enterprise as Mr. Carnegie did. It was not because he was a skilled chemist or a skilled mechanic, a skilled engineer or a skilled metallurgist; it was because he had the faculty of enlisting the people who were skilled in those arts. And while it may be an easy thing to enlist the interest of such men in an enterprise, it is quite a different thing to get their best efforts and loyal support. And in that Mr. Carnegie was paramount over all men that I have ever known. I wonder how many of you have ever reflected that these tremendous results which Mr. Carnegie secured were always obtained through a spirit of approval and never of criticism? [*Applause.*]

Mr. Carnegie was always one to take you by the hand and encourage and approve. It was the rarest thing in the world to hear him criticize the actions of others, especially in a business sense. I wonder if you reflect how you yourselves—how every other man responds with his best efforts under such conditions? In my wide association in life, meeting with many and great men in various parts of the world, I have yet to find the man, however great or exalted his station, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than he would ever do under a spirit of criticism. [*Applause.*]

Now, Mr. Carnegie understood this great thing early in life, and it was this fine philosophy, which he practiced always, that made him a great commercial success. If I may be pardoned in giving you an illustration of the truth of this by relating a personal experience, I would like to call attention to the fact that during the war, when ships were so badly required by our nation and the world, and I was entrusted with the direction of that affair, the only thing that I did was to follow the example that Mr. Carnegie taught me many years ago, which was to stop criticism and to give the people who were doing the work encouragement and approval for what they were doing. The response that we had from the country speaks for the success of that theory in life. [*Applause.*] Mr. Carnegie believed in that theory and practiced it more constantly and successfully than any other man I have ever known. That was one of the personal traits that

made him great. I have seen him often in times of stress and disappointment, but he was always encouraging. To illustrate that, I am going to relate a little incident that occurred many years ago, when I was manager of the Braddock works—and many of my associates here to-day on this platform, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Clemson, Mr. Peacock, and the rest, will remember it. It was at a time when money was not too plentiful in the Carnegie Company, and I had asked permission to put up a new converting mill, and it had been built. It was everything I expected it to be, everything I promised Mr. Carnegie it should be, and he came out to Braddock to see it. As I was showing him around the works and explaining the new mill, he looked into my face and said, "Charlie, there is something wrong about this; I can see by your expression that you are disappointed. There is something wrong with this mill." I said, "No, Mr. Carnegie, it is just exactly what I told you it would be, and we have reduced our costs to the point that I said we would. But if I had it all to do over again, there is one thing which has just recently been discovered that I would introduce here, and that I am sure would result in further economy." He said, "Well, what does that mean? Can you change this work?" I said, "No; it would mean tearing this down and rebuilding it." "Why," he said, "then that's the right thing to do; it's only a fool that will not profit by anything that may have been overlooked and discovered after the work is done. Tear it down and do it over again." And although that converting mill had

been running only two months, we did tear it down and we did build it over again, and the return upon the capital thus expended repaid the great firm many fold. [*Applause.*]

That spirit was characteristic of Mr. Carnegie. He did not say in criticism, "Why didn't you think of this before?" If he had been the type of man who would say that sort of thing to me, or to any manager, he would never have learned of this new idea that had developed, and as a result the firm would not have reaped the benefit of the better mill. But that is the way Mr. Carnegie inspired us all. [*Applause.*]

Another phase of his character was thoroughness, and that may be illustrated in a way which shows how his mind worked all around a subject. In those golden days when, perhaps, we had made a profit statement which showed that the firm had made five or six hundred thousand dollars in a month, or possibly more, and I would go to him with pride and say, "Mr. Carnegie, we have made five hundred thousand dollars this month," it would not be a spirit of gratification alone that he manifested, but he would say, "Show me your cost sheets. It is more interesting to know how cheaply and how well you have done this thing than how much money you have made, because the one is a temporary result, due possibly to special conditions of trade, but the other means a permanency that will go on with the works as long as they last."

Mr. Carnegie used often to scold me in a good-natured sort of way for what he called my extrava-

gance with money. He would say, "Charlie, I don't understand you; here you are, a poor boy, born in the country, and you don't realize the value of money, and you spend and spend for new work and extensions, all the time, as if we had money unlimited." I always protested that he was wrong, that I was only spending for the good of the firm, until one historic day when I was going to see Mr. Carnegie. Mr. Curry, one of our dear departed partners, went first, and a little later I took a carriage from the Holland House, and when I arrived at Mr. Carnegie's home as I expected to remain for only a short time I told the cabman to wait. We started talking, and our interest waxed keen; time flew on until the luncheon hour, when I accepted an invitation to remain, and our discussion continued. This old question of economy came up, and again there was an arraignment of my extravagance, against which I protested; but just then the butler stepped in and asked, "Mr. Schwab, do you want that carriage to wait any longer?" [*Laughter.*] Mr. Carnegie always seemed to have the faculty of getting the best of an argument of that sort. It was useless for me, after that, to protest that his conclusions with reference to my extravagance were not correct. [*Laughter.*]

One other thought occurs to me about Mr. Carnegie which perhaps others may not have expressed, and I wish to refer to it. During the Great War the one spirit that seemed to animate every man, no matter how great his station in life—and, indeed, the greater his station the more he tried to emulate it—was the spirit

of democracy. This is an age when a man, be he prince, king, philanthropist, merchant, manufacturer, politician or plain citizen, can have nothing better said of him than that he is truly democratic. That describes Mr. Carnegie. We are all striving for that spirit of true democracy. When the heir to the English throne visited this country recently, what was the one predominating thing that was said about him everywhere and that attracted such universal admiration? It was the fact that he was a true democrat. And, by the way, the true aristocrat of to-day is not the man of birth or wealth, but the man who has done something for humanity. [*Applause.*] That was no new theory with Mr. Carnegie. He was the simple democrat that we preach of to-day, all the years of his life. He never had a particle of snobbishness in his character, nor could he tolerate it in others. He was a true example of democracy, and he practiced that virtue all his life. He numbered among his friends not alone the great and the rich and the powerful of the world, but the honest working man or woman in any capacity who was truly doing the best possible in a straightforward way to accomplish something in life. I see a man in this audience to whom I heard Mr. Carnegie say, "Morgan, I am glad to see you. You are one of the best workmen and one of the most straightforward men it has ever been my pleasure to know, and I am honored to have you associated with me." That was Morgan Harris, the old forgeman who sits in the front row.

(There was great applause at this statement, and at Mr. Schwab's request Mr. Morgan Harris stood up and was warmly greeted by the audience.)

Mr. Schwab continued: I have known Morgan Harris for thirty years; he was forgeman at the Braddock works, but I did not know he was going to be here this afternoon. He loved Mr. Carnegie just as much as Mr. Carnegie loved him—and I appeal to you, ladies and gentlemen, can there be a stronger appreciation of the true worth and democracy of Mr. Carnegie than that his old and favorite workman comes here to do him honor to-day? [*Applause.*]

Now, my friends, naturally you expected that anything I would say of Mr. Carnegie must be as a tribute of the highest possible character; nothing less could do him justice. But this to me is not a day of grief and sadness. Of course we feel lonely and regret that our old chieftain is not here to join with us in celebrating his birthday. We miss him more than any one can ever say, especially those of us who have been closely associated with him. No man saw more of him in his later life than I, and oh, my friends, if you could know the happiness of that later life of Mr. Carnegie you would realize that it was the true consummation of a fine, strong life. His very soul seemed to be reflected in those later years, in his old age, and it shone forth in his every action and animated his thoughts more markedly than at any other period of his life. Everybody, to Mr. Carnegie, in those later years, was his best friend and the dearest man in the world. Now when

a man has that within his soul, his soul has been right throughout life.

Mr. Carnegie never knew anger and never knew revenge. He never had that feeling in his heart. No matter how deep the hurt, he carried no resentment or ill-feeling. I remember, once, a man who had done Mr. Carnegie a great injury came to me and told me that things were going badly with him, and spoke of the wrong to Mr. Carnegie. I said to him, "You mustn't tell me about it; go and tell Mr. Carnegie." "Oh," he said, "Mr. Carnegie would not receive me." I said, "Yes, he will; just go and tell him what you have told me." And he went to Mr. Carnegie and told him the truth, and Mr. Carnegie put his arms around that man's shoulders and said, "I am glad to see my old friend back here again, and we will be better friends than ever before," and as a matter of fact they were. [*Applause.*]

Among Mr. Carnegie's best friends were those he made in business. He had no weak sentiment as to business, but he believed that it was best accomplished under happy conditions. Those of you who have visited the old Carnegie mill will remember the picture of the old monk that used to hang on the wall in the directors' room. It seems that some criticism was made that it was not sufficiently dignified for the place. That reached Mr. Carnegie's ears, and he sent the picture to me and said, "Hang this in your room." It was a picture of a jolly old monk who owned nothing but the robe on his back; and Mr. Carnegie added,

"Any time that you feel blue or inclined to be despondent, just look at this old monk's happy countenance and your depression will disappear." He used to say, too, "Always remember that good business is never done except in a happy and contented frame of mind." That was Mr. Carnegie's philosophy; that is the way he acted with all of us boys, and that is the reason we loved him so much.

It was my pleasure, each year, at the old Carnegie reunion, to propose his health, and I think I always used the same words, and I think I will use them again this year: "Each year that rolled by made us but love him the more." [*Applause.*] Mr. Carnegie has not departed, except in the body. His influence and the imprint that he made on the minds of all of us live with us to-day just as strong as ever before, and when we propose his health at the annual banquet, as we have in years gone by, if it comes to me, I shall use just the same words, that "each succeeding year makes us love him and admire him more and more." He was a great man amongst men. He has left his influence and the force of his personal philosophy upon thousands—yea, millions—not because of his great business ability nor his vast philanthropies, but because of the ideals that he practiced and that he set for every man who has his life to live. [*Applause.*]

As the years went by, life brought to him all the happiness any man could ever hope to have. And I must not neglect on this occasion to pay a tribute to the one who contributed more than the world could believe to

his wonderful career and to his success and character; that is, his very dear wife, Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. [*Applause.*] In her quiet, unostentatious way she was a tower of strength, and we boys who knew Mr. Carnegie best and most intimately were wise enough to know that if we had a doubtful cause our strongest ally was Mrs. Carnegie. Now, that is not an un-American precedent. It seems to me to exist in most American families, and I thank God that it does, because with these hustling, masterful American men, plunging forward always for material gain, the refining and restraining influence of a good woman by the side of a strong man is the finest thing that God ever created. [*Applause.*] Mrs. Carnegie occupied that position with her distinguished husband.

My friends, we have not, as you see, endeavored to make this an occasion of sadness, but rather one of appreciation of our good old, dear friend, Mr. Carnegie. I am sure if he were here he might object to some of the things that were said, thinking they were extravagant, or at least over-stated, but he would agree that his birthday should be celebrated in just the way we are doing here—not to stand up and express our deep regret at his death and at the loss the world has sustained, but rather an appreciation of the legacy of his good life to all of us. The influence of his life will live many times longer than the age of a normal man. If he could realize that we love and revere his memory, and that his influence is a benefit to thousands, that would cause him great joy and be a supreme sat-

isfaction; and if I have added anything to the thoughts of the friends of Mr. Carnegie in the praise which I have justly given him, then indeed am I honored by the opportunity, Mr. Chairman, to speak of my old, my beloved, my greatest friend,—indeed, my father, Mr. Andrew Carnegie. [*Applause.*]

THE PRESIDENT: A gifted woman of Pittsburgh who has sung her way into the hearts of the country, and of course long ago sang herself into the hearts of Pittsburgh, and more recently than that into the hearts of hundreds of thousands of our sons and made their days in the hard camps happier and brighter, will now sing this great song from "Elijah,"—Mrs. Christine Miller Clemson.

Mrs. Clemson was heartily acclaimed when she came forward, and she sang Mendelssohn's glorious work, "O Rest in the Lord," with great beauty, dignity and feeling.

THE PRESIDENT: Mr. Carnegie had certain principles in his public work which under the spur of experience became unshakable convictions, and one of them was this, that every community ought to have a library and to maintain that library itself. When it came to other departments of culture and education, this feeling did not exist in his mind. We all remember here very well that when this building was dedicated Mr. Carnegie said that art departments and museums, and

later on technical schools and library schools and music halls, were luxuries which perhaps ought not to be taxed upon the people, but that in the matter of a library every citizen, old or young, man or woman, boy or girl, who would go to a library to obtain a book ought to have the feeling that that book was there by their own contribution. And this was his feeling in establishing the library system of Pittsburgh, that the City should support and maintain that system. After having built the library, for that was the beginning of his public work here, other departments followed fast and followed faster,—the Fine Arts Department, which is known all over the world; I think we can say the same thing of the Museum Department; and then the Library School, where librarians are trained for the great work—in this building; and the Music Hall Department; and the free Organ Recitals; and finally the great system of Technical Schools,—all of these things flowed out from Mr. Carnegie's philanthropy and desire to live a life of service, after he had established the library system of Pittsburgh. So that the library in Pittsburgh is probably the father of all these other self-supporting children, because Mr. Carnegie's funds have provided a yearly income which amounts now to more than a million dollars for the support of a large part of this building—the larger part of this building —and the whole support of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

It is a very great pleasure on this occasion to have with us our gifted and able and popular Mayor, Mr.

Babcock, who has come forward in his spirit of patriotism to contribute on behalf of the City what he will say this afternoon, and I present him to you with all the affection and good will which my long acquaintance and your long acquaintance justify me in expressing to him. I think this is the first time I have ever declared my love for Mayor Babcock. [*Laughter and prolonged applause.*]

ADDRESS

BY

HON. EDWARD VOSE BABCOCK

Mayor of Pittsburgh

A TRIBUTE FROM THE CITY

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I HOPE, even if it is the first time Mr. Church has declared his love for me, it will not be the last time. [*Laughter.*] I feel somewhat embarrassed in attempting to address you on this occasion, and in tribute to Mr. Carnegie, because I feel that my very best effort can only dim and cloud the wonderful effect that I know has been produced in your minds by the great man who has spoken so intimately and eloquently—Mr. Charles M. Schwab. In speaking for Pittsburgh, I can do no better than to emphasize the fact that this man whose birthday we are celebrating was able so to instill love and affection in the hearts of men and women that they were always ready to put forth their best efforts, and it was that loyal affection which caused Mr. Schwab, this great industrial general—a great general both in time of war and in peace—to lay aside his other duties and come here to pay the magnificent tribute you have just heard and to call attention to the fact that you yourselves are paying tribute to the memory of that much loved man, Andrew Carnegie, by lending your distinguished presence to the occasion.

We are gathered here upon the anniversary of the

birth of Mr. Carnegie to pay the tribute of our respect to his memory. We claim him as our own, because, though he was born in Scotland, lived many years in New York, and died in Massachusetts, his interests were here, and we and the world at large recognized him as a Pittsburgher.

He came here before he had reached his 'teens, a penniless lad. Here he began his career. Here he achieved success which made him one of the foremost citizens of the world. Wherever he lived, wherever he journeyed, he was proud to call himself a Pittsburgher. He was always loyal to the city which had become to him a second birthplace. He gave proof of his loyalty not merely by words but by deeds.

I have been asked on this occasion to speak of Mr. Carnegie's contribution to Pittsburgh. His biggest gift was himself. His keen intelligence, his spirit of leadership, his sympathy with everything looking to the advancement of the welfare of the city, were a most potent factor in its development. On the material side I need only point to that great assemblage of industrial and manufacturing concerns which, with the help of his associates, he called into being. He found Pittsburgh "The Iron City"; he, with the men of genius whom he associated with him, converted her into "The Steel City."

Others may speak of the way in which his life and genius affected the development of our manufactures and of our trade. But, standing in this beautiful Hall this afternoon, where everything reminds us

of him, I prefer to dwell upon the manner in which he transmuted material success into the things of the spirit.

Born to hard work and toiling with his hands, he quickly recognized that mind is superior to matter; that a kind heart is better than gold. When material success came to him through mental effort, he determined to help others about him to win success through the cultivation of the mind. He had educated himself by reading; he felt that the workingman's college is a library. He set himself to provide books and put them within the reach of everybody, rich and poor alike. The splendid system of libraries is the result.

As the years went on, he realized that there were other things which he had it in his power to do for the city which he loved. He created this Institute, under the same roof with the great Central Library, with its Art Galleries and its Museum of Science. He followed these gifts with an endowment. At a later date he added the gift of a great School, the central thought in the establishment of which was to aid those who otherwise might lack opportunity to fit themselves for usefulness.

He was a lover of music. He aided 7,689 churches to secure organs, over 4,000 of which are in the United States, 1,351 in the State of Pennsylvania, nearly 500 of them being in Pittsburgh and its vicinity. The stately organ in this place of assemblage was his gift.

Trained to toil, he never forgot the toiler. He loved

his workingmen. In the dark and troublous days of 1892, when there was lack of employment in this city and many were hungry, he came forward and offered to duplicate every dollar given by his fellow-citizens to find employment for the unemployed in laying out roads and in otherwise beautifying our parks. His contribution at that time was the princely sum of $250,000.

He hated war, but he admired manliness. One of his great foundations, located in this city, is the Hero Fund, established to reward heroic acts in civil life. This Fund to-day has hundreds of widows and fatherless children under its care, providing for the former and educating the latter, throughout the United States, Canada and Newfoundland.

His very first act on retiring from business was to establish a great fund the income of which was to be used in caring for the aged employees, and those dependent upon them, in the great establishments in this community which he had called into being. On the roll of his private charities there are hundreds of pensioners. Of these he never spoke save confidentially.

His last will and testament showed his great love and interest in Pittsburgh and Pittsburghers. In other innumerable ways he has proven his love and loyalty to this great municipality. I think that one of the greatest lessons to be drawn from his remarkable life is the way in which he disposed of so vast an amount of wealth. His methods will enable it to render service

to mankind for generations to come. We have reached an age when a man is measured by the actual service he renders. Mr. Carnegie was of great service to mankind when on earth, and so arranged his wealth that it will continue to be of service for a great many years. He has set a high and exalted example for other great men to follow. His memory is gloriously sacred. All honor to his example! [*Great applause.*]

THE PRESIDENT: I want to say, in recognition of the attendance of the young men and young women of the Carnegie Institute of Technology who are here in force this afternoon, and in loving recognition of Mr. Carnegie, which they manifest by their presence, that they have commissioned the President of their class, Mr. Donald B. Templeton, to go to Tarrytown, where Mr. Carnegie has been laid away in his last sleep, and place a wreath on his grave at this hour, while these memorial services are being held, and Mr. Templeton is now performing that loving service on behalf of his class. [*Applause.*]

M. Eugène Schneider, the great gunmaker of France, at the head of the Creusot Steel Works, a man whose work for France in her trying and awful period of war was worth as much perhaps as a whole army, and who is now in this country as the head of the French Trade Mission to the United States, has sent this telegram, addressed to Mr. Schwab, with whom he was talking just prior to his leaving New York last night, and Mr. Schwab asks me to read it to you:

"Charles M. Schwab,
c/o President's Office,
Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

"Please convey to the meeting an expression of the high regard I always possessed for Mr. Carnegie. I have often reflected that he, with the men he grouped around himself, gave this little-realized contribution to the progress of the world, namely, that he popularized steel and showed that cheap steel is one of the greatest gifts ever produced for mankind. Before Mr. Carnegie's day the world regarded steel as a metal for engineers' special service. To-day it is a staple, like wheat or cotton. Having achieved that great work, the Ironmaster of ironmasters devoted his life and possessions to the education of the peoples of many lands to a knowledge and appreciation of the progress that is lifting us onward at such an unparalleled rate. He has been the world's biggest educator, and his endowments leave the same benefit for posterity. I add my tribute to those of the assembly over which you preside to-day, and I regret that my duty here prevents my being present in person to pay homage to the memory of such a great man.

"Eugène Schneider."

Mrs. Clemson then sang, with beauty and distinction, the great solo, "But the Lord is Mindful of His Own," from Mendelssohn's oratorio, "St. Paul."

The President: These next two songs will speak words of sympathy and comfort to Mrs. Carnegie, who is

listening to them with the ears of her spirit this afternoon.

The Pittsburgh Male Chorus, Mr. Heinroth directing and Mr. Harris at the organ, then sang "Ashes of Roses" and "When the Roses Bloom."

ASHES OF ROSES

Soft on the sunset sky,
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Pale hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of Roses.

When love's warm sun is set,
Love's brightness closes,
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts there linger yet
Ashes of Roses.

ELAINE GOODALE EASTMAN.

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM

In the time of roses,
Hope, thou weary heart!
Spring a balm discloses
For the keenest smart.
And tho' thy grief o'ercome thee
Through the winter's gloom,
Thou shalt thrust it from thee
When the roses bloom.

In the time of roses,
  Weary heart, rejoice!
Ere the summer closes
  Comes the long'd for Voice.
Let not death appall thee,
  For beyond the tomb,
God himself shall call thee
  When the roses bloom.

Arranged by WALTER H. LEWIS.

THE PRESIDENT: We have with us on the platform, representing Mrs. Carnegie, Mr. John L. Poynton, and I am going to ask that a motion may be made, on behalf of this large audience, asking him, when he returns to New York, to carry with him an expression from the people of Pittsburgh, who are officially represented here by the executive head of the city, Mayor Babcock, and from the representatives of the Institute of Technology, including members of the faculty and the students, also the staff of the different departments of the Institute,—an expression to Mrs. Carnegie of their most affectionate greetings and their very high appreciation of the splendid work that has been done here by her distinguished husband.

Mr. Douglas Stewart offered a motion in harmony with the suggestion of President Church, and it was seconded by a number of gentlemen, and on being put to the audience was carried with great enthusiasm and applause.

THE PRESIDENT: Mr. Poynton, will you take that message to Mrs. Carnegie?

Mr. Poynton [*Rising*]: Yes, with pleasure.

The President: This has been a beautiful service. It has touched us all. We will close with the noble composition that Mr. Carnegie loved so well and which he had played for him so frequently in his home.

Mr. Heinroth then gave a superb rendition of the Andante from Beethoven's great "Fifth Symphony."

This ended the memorial exercises.

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